

CHARIVARIA.

Die Post declares that the forthcoming visit of the German Crown PRINCE to Pekin and Tokio will convince China and Japan what an important and unselfish friend Germany is for them. But surely they knew that already. Orientals are so intelligent.

The Durham Corporation have decided to ask Lord LONDONDERRY to accept the mayoralty next year. As it will be Coronation year his lordship will possibly be knighted.

The statement that more care would be taken in future in the selection of persons appointed as justices has already received gratifying confirmation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was last week made a J.P. for Carnarvonshire.

Now that Lord KITCHENER has taken up golf, the Government hope that nothing further will be heard of the silly complaint that he is without an occupation. (See, however, *Mr. Punch's* views in the current cartoon.)

Official figures show that lunacy increased less last year than in any year since 1901. According to a Tory comment, it looks as if Tariff Reform is bound to come.

Fame! Dr. JOHNSON's statue in the Strand has now been unveiled. "Who's that?" asked a passer-by. "JOHNSON," came the answer. "Seems to have lost colour since he beat JEFFRIES!"

Dr. BODE has requested the directors of *The Burlington Magazine* to remove his name from its Consultative Committee in consequence of the attitude of that periodical to the "Leonardo" bust. The Doctor is said to be of the opinion that the name of the Committee in future ought to be Insultative rather than Consultative.

We are now doing our best here to uplift our criminals. In France it is otherwise. A French soldier who committed a murder has been publicly degraded.

The sale of two old German battle-ships to Turkey has now been completed. This suggests that there ought to be a new classification of fighting ships—first-class, second-class, and second-hand.

The ignorance of some persons passes all belief. Mr. ALBERT PINCH, who, a



Mabel (who has recently had a difference with her nurse). "AND PLEASE BLESS MUMMY AND DADDY. AND PLEASE BLESS NANNY—BUT NOT MUM!"

coroner's jury decided, had been murdered, arrived home last week, and declared that he knew nothing whatever about his death; others, he added, might have been present at it, but he was not there at the time.

Many unflattering things have been said about the huge crowds which watch other people playing football. It is good, therefore, to think that in our newest sport—that of aviation—the spectators share its risks. There is always the chance of a flying man falling on them.

What is the truth about the Terri-

torials? The most contradictory reports are flying about in regard to the recent training. Some declare that the food was uneatable, while others, on their return home, stated that they were fed up.

Eye Art.

"A teacher should be able to 'roll' his eyes. Not only should he keep his eyes continually 'rolling' over the class, but their movement should indicate his emotions. When giving a pathetic, sorrowful narrative his eyes should be sorrowful; an exciting, warlike narrative should be given with bright, eager eyes; and *always* the children should be able to detect in the teacher's eye the voice of a friend—nay, of a father."—*The Teachers' Aid*.

A PATRIOT'S PROTEST FROM THE MOORS.

[*The Evening Standard* calls attention to the "large number of fine Scottish moors which have been secured by Americans," citing the names of Mr. CADWALADER, Mr. C. W. OGDEN, Mr. WHITERIDGE, and Mr. PERCY CHUBB, all of New York.]

A Young Hen-Grouse Speaks :—

Was it for this amid the sodden heather
That I survived these months of so-called weather,
That in the end I might remark "*Touché!*"
To bloated billionaires from U.S.A.?

Was it for this my mother—saintly hen—
Reared me, the bonniest of a brood of ten,
That I might meet his pellets unprepared—
Mr. CADWALADER's, the New York laird?

Was it for this that I have never erred
From the behaviour of a well-bred bird,
Just to be spitted on the golden fork
Of Mr. WHITERIDGE (same address—New York)?

Was it for this our oldest tribal cock
Helped me to wrinkles from his hoary stock,
That I might perish on a peaty hag
To swell the bulge of Mr. OGDEN's bag?

Was it for this that, as a full-sized grouse,
I marked the rising of the Lower House,
That I should undergo the grievous snub
Of being grassed by Mr. PERCY CHUBB?

Was it for this that he, my true Scots lover,
Begged me to take the necessary cover,
That I might be betrayed—ye braes and banks!—
By Gordon setters in the pay of Yanks?

My country! thus you train the child you bore
To be a credit to its native moor,
Then put it up to alien bids and collar
Your fancy price for blood—each drop, a dollar.

If you proposed to cut my young life short,
Gladly would I consent to give you sport;
But shall I face the butts to bring bawbees
Into the yawning pouch of absentees?

None but a Scot should down me on the ling,
Or else an Englishman—the next best thing;
But, if by foreign hands I'm asked to fall,
Frankly, I'd sooner not be killed at all! O. S.

"The Bishop of St. Albans has nominated to the Trustees of the Felsted Charity for appointment to the Vicarage of Matching, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. C. Spurgin on his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates' Society, the Rev. J. B. Brinkworth."—*Essex Daily Chronicle*.

It looked at first as if his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates' Society had produced a fatal shock of excitement in Mr. SPURGIN's system, but we are glad to learn that the reverend gentleman has survived and flourishes exceedingly.

"In the course of cross-examination witness said he knew Mrs. Heimendahl 15 years ago. . . . He had seen the letter which Mrs. Heimendahl had written to the defendant. . . . Neither was he aware that Mrs. Heimendahl had taken Dorothy Jones into her service. . . . I have received from Mrs. Heimendahl a very surprising letter."—*From an article in "The Liverpool Evening Express."*

We don't believe there's no such person.

THE START.

SCENE—A Railway Station. Two four-wheeled cabs have arrived and disgorged Him and Her, a Nurse, a French Mademoiselle, four children, ranging from three years up to ten, and a Pekinese dog. There are ten pieces of luggage and innumerable small parcels.

She. We're in plenty of time, after all.

He. You mustn't blame yourself for that. If I hadn't—

She. I know, I know. When they put you into *Who's Who* they'll say, "Recreation: Not missing trains." Now just you get in behind that dear old fat lady and take the tickets. I'll see to the luggage, and— (*A panic.*) Where are the children?

He. I told Nurse and Mademoiselle to take them on to the platform and wait under the clock.

[*He joins the queue at the booking office, while she proceeds to tackle the luggage porters.*]

She (*emerging on the platform*). There's the clock, but there isn't a child within a mile of it. (*To a porter*) Have you seen four children anywhere, porter?

Porter (*in a hurry*). The station's full of 'em, Mum; you can take your pick.

She. Brute! I wonder where they've got to.

[*She rushes to and fro.*]

He (*emerging with the tickets, to a porter*). What platform does the 11.10 start from?

Porter. No. 4, Sir.

He (*to himself*). There's no one under the clock. They must have gone to the train. I shall find 'em there.

[*He proceeds to the train, and after a prolonged search fails to find a trace of them.*]

He (*to a porter*). Hi, porter, is there another clock in this station?

Porter. Well, Sir, there's two, one at the end there—

He (*frantically*). That's it, then. They're sure to be there.

[*He rushes off to the clock at the end. Just before this She had arrived there and found the whole family waiting in a condition of gloomy patience—all, that is to say, except Mademoiselle.*]

She. Oh, there you are at last. Why did you come here, Sarah?

The Nurse. Mr. Bromley told me to take and wait under the clock, and as this clock's the biggest one I made sure he must have meant us to come here.

She. Well, never mind about that. Where's Mademoiselle?

The Eldest Girl. She's gone to the bookstall to try and get a French book.

She. She can find her own way to the train, then. Come along.

[*They all proceed to Platform No. 4, but by a different route from that which He is taking from that platform; consequently he misses them and arrives under the clock in a state of distracted fury.*]

He. Not here? Then where the deuce— Hi, porter, have you seen a party of nurses with a child—I mean a party of children with a nurse waiting here?

Porter. Well, there was a party about half an hour ago, two on 'em so to speak cross-eyed and wearin' green 'ats.

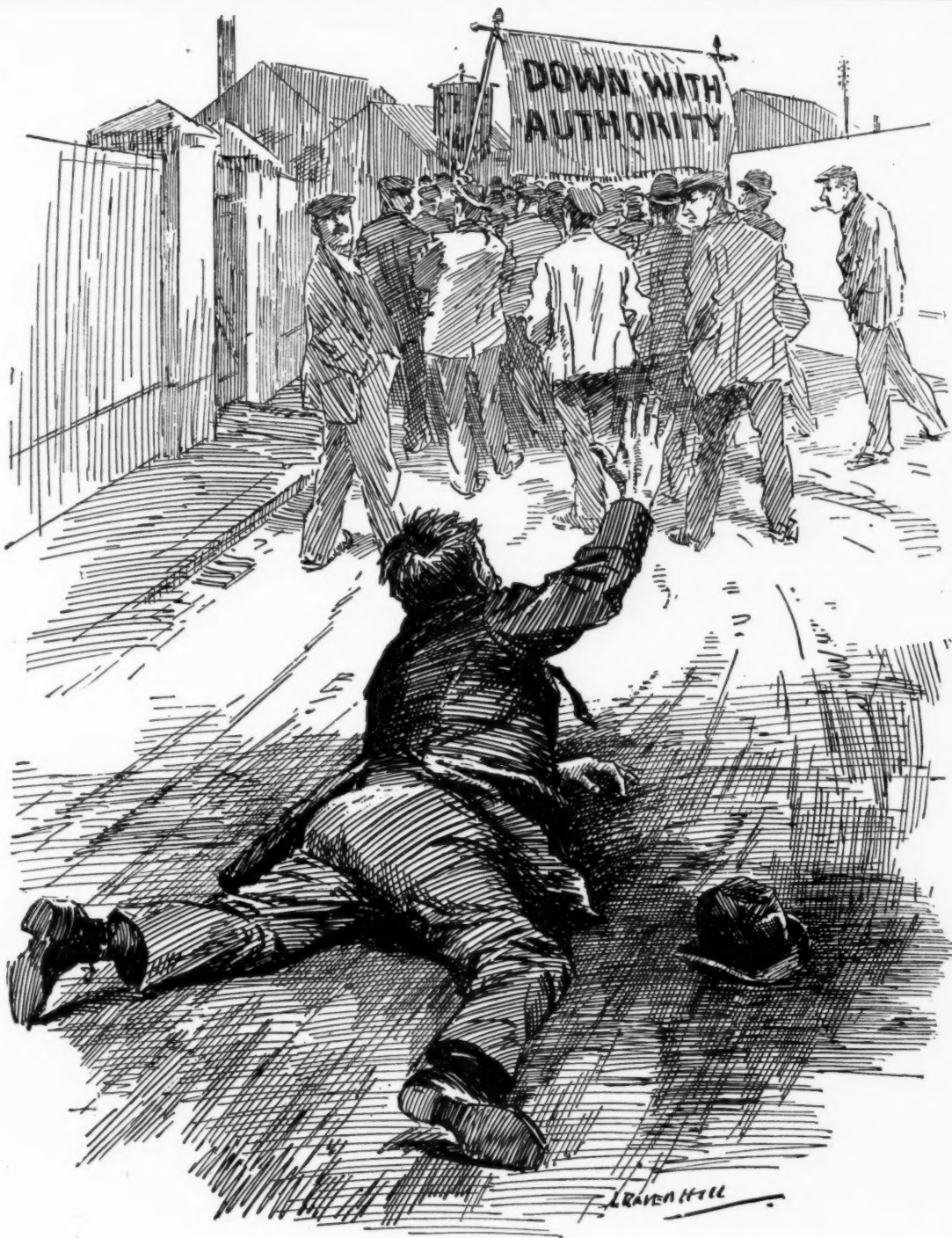
He. Cross-eyed be—! No, that's not the lot. They'll have gone to the other clock.

[*He runs off thither, and on the way sees Mademoiselle at the bookstall.*]

He. Ah, Mademoiselle, avez-vous vu les enfants?

Mlle. Non, Monsieur, depuis que je suis ici, je n'ai vu ni les enfants ni Madame.

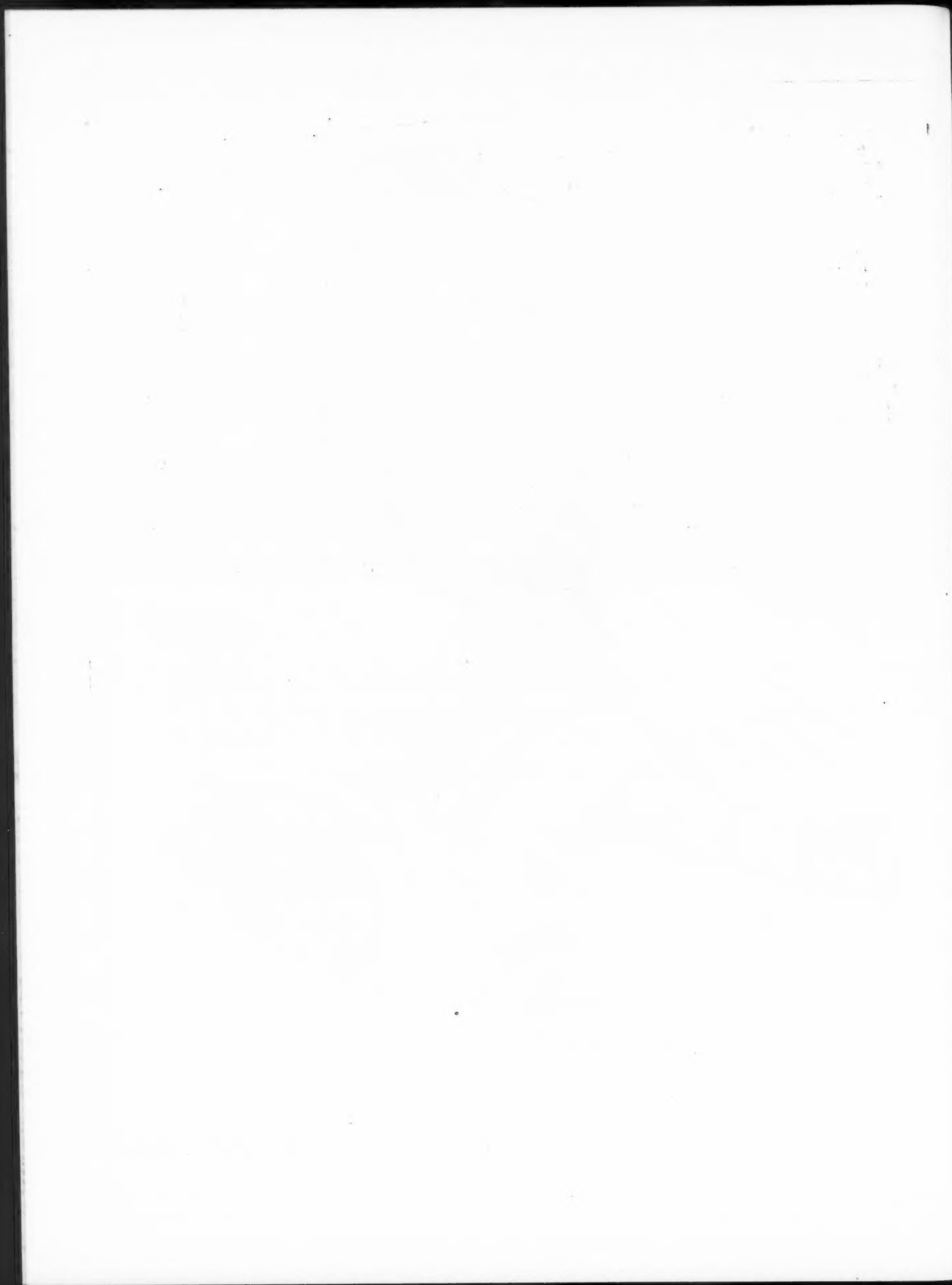
He (*running on*). Allez vite au train. Numero 4. Prenez votre place. (*He arrives under the smaller clock.*) Not a sign



ON THEIR OWN.

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "STEADY ON THERE, WAIT FOR YOUR LEADER! WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT BANNER I DIDN'T MEAN DOWN WITH MY AUTHORITY!"

[There seems to be a growing fashion for workmen to go out on strike at a moment's notice without consulting their Trade Unions, and in contempt of contracts made on their behalf by these Societies.]





"THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

"PLAY UP! PLAY UP FOR THE BIG PRIZES! TEN, TEN, NINE—TWENTY-NINE POINTS. 'ARD LINES, SIR. IF YOU'D GOT THIRTY YOU'D HAVE WON A GOLD WATCH. M'RIA, GIVE THE GENTLEMAN A BAG O' NUTS."

of them, and the time's getting on. Perhaps they're in the waiting-room. (*Rushes off to inspect it.*) No, not there. We shall miss— (*His eldest girl pulls him by the sleeve.*) Why, where on earth do you spring from?

The E.G. Mummy sent me here with a porter to find you, Daddy, and bring you, and if I didn't find you I was to come straight back.

He. Straight back to where?

The E.G. To the train, Daddy. We've got such a nice carriage.

[*She leads him to platform No. 4, where he finds the whole family, including Mademoiselle, comfortably installed in a compartment. He is squeezed in, purple and speechless, just before the train moves off.*]

She. You nearly missed it that time, dear. What have you been doing?

He. Just admiring the scenery, you know; chatting to the station-master about rose-growing—

Nurse (in a panic). Where's the basket?

She. Now you don't mean to say you've left the basket with the milk and the Thermos flask?

He (putting his head out of window and shouting as the train moves on). Porter, there's a basket somewhere—milk in it—send it on to address on label—here's a shilling. (*Throws a shilling out to the last porter.*) He'll never find it.

The Youngest Girl. It's here, Daddy, under the seat. Sarah put it there.

Commercial Solitude.

"Visitors are requested not to pick the flowers, or walk on the boarders."—*Notice at a Hotel in North Wales.*

THE MERRY MONARCH.

Oh, why does Eaton all her banners don so?
To feast the roving eyes of King ALFONSO.

Why was it that the sun last Wednesday shone so?
It loved the polo feats of King ALFONSO.

What spectacle delights the footman John so?
The riding-breeches worn by King ALFONSO.

What is it fascinates the Eatonian *bonne* so?
It is the winning ways of King ALFONSO.

What puffs the plumage of the ducal swans so?
The notice they receive from King ALFONSO.

Why are the KAISER's courtiers jumped upon so?
He's sick with jealousy of King ALFONSO.

Why does the British Press keep on and on so?
It cannot have enough of King ALFONSO.

An Indian Prodigal.

"A BUY MEETING. [? A BOY MISSING]."

To the Editor.—Sir,—Will any among your numerous readers help a good man, Pandit Baradakanta Siromoni of Sulkia, Dasanibagan, by giving him information, if possible, about his second son, Kamakhyanath Pathak, who has been missing since the 30th ult.

The boy is a scrubbed black one, aged about 13 with a small-pox-scarred flat face and a squint in his eyes, keeping his head (rather flat, with hirsute hair) a little bent on one side, about 2 cubics and a half in height. B. Banerjee, Sulkia.—*The Amrita Bazar Patrika.*

THE TELEPIANO.

VIEWS OF LEADING PIANISTS.

EXPERIMENTS with the new Lepel system of wireless telegraphy, by which the transmission of the melody of the National Anthem from Slough to Brussels and Paris has been successfully carried out, are described in detail in *The Daily Mail*.

We are in a position to state that further developments of the wireless octave have been triumphantly carried out by the great firm of Blüthstein. The opinions of some of the leading Kings of the Keyboard on the new "telepiano" will be read with interest.

Mr. MARK BAMBERGER, who was interviewed by our representative on his arrival in London from a protracted tour extending from Sikkim to Tierra del Fuego, expressed himself as an uncompromising opponent of the new system. "As an exemplification of the influence of applied science on art," observed Mr. BAMBERGER, "the new invention is not without interest. But if it were extensively employed by pianists the results would be disastrous. Travel enriches the intellect and develops sympathy. Home-keeping artists are apt to become insular, and even parochial, and the exclusive use of the telepiano would undoubtedly tend to root the *virtuoso* in one spot and promote a sedentary and immobile existence. Why should he go to Buenos Ayres or the Klondyke, he will argue, when all that is necessary is for him to sit comfortably at home and discourse wireless music to expectant auditors at the uttermost ends of the earth? I, for one, could never bear to exchange the life of the travelling *virtuoso*, so richly fraught with adventure and emotion, for this lethargic and humdrum existence. A man is not only a better man, but an infinitely more exhilarating performer, for having experienced a typhoon in the China seas, witnessed a war dance of Amazons in Dahomey, grappled single-handed with a gang of Nihilists in Nijni-Novgorod, or crossed the Grand Sahara on the ship of the desert. Besides, it is not enough for an audience to listen to the tones of a piano. Unless the artist is present before them, the performance loses more than half its virtue. Capillary attraction, gesture, play of facial expression, costume—all are eliminated by the telepiano." Mrs. BAMBERGER, who during the interview sat at the feet of her illustrious husband on a richly decorated Japanese footstool, cordially endorsed his views.

M. PADEREWSKI, on the other hand, professes himself a warm supporter of the telepiano. He writes from Schloss

Manru, Poland, to say that it has solved a problem which for long has greatly exercised his mind—how to give pleasure to the world without incurring the risk of being mobbed and almost torn to pieces by his fanatical admirers. "At my last recital at Chicago," writes M. PADEREWSKI, "several tufts were forcibly removed from my *chevelure*, the little finger of my right hand was dislocated, and my best butterfly tie torn from my neck. This beneficent invention will henceforth enable me to continue my pianistic career without danger to life, limb and beauty."

M. PACHMANN is even more bitterly opposed to long distance wireless piano-playing than Mr. BAMBERGER. "To expect people to listen to a pianist without seeing his face is the most preposterous notion that ever emanated from a lunatic asylum. It is like an omelette without eggs. But what can you expect from a firm with the name of Blüthstein? You cannot get blood from a stone."

Finally, Madame SOPHIE MENTER objects to the new system because every auditor has to put on a hearing cap, the effect of which is most unbecoming.

MULL.

TELL me not of Grecian isles

And a charm that's olden,
Brooding on the turquoise blue
That the Argo's oar-banks knew,
Where a sun-steeped ease beguiles,
Far away, and golden!

There's a Western isle I know,

Where the last land merges
In the grey and outer seas,
Southward from the Hebrides,
And through old sea-caverns go
Old Atlantic dirges!

Grey it is, and very still

In the August weather;
Grey the basking seals that flock
On their jagged lift of rock;
Starkly heaves a waste of hill
Grey, untouched of heather!

Grey streams go by cliff and hag,
Black their pools and quiet;
There the great grey sea-trout rise
Somewhat shortly at your flies
(If you want to make a bag,
Worm's their favourite diet).

That's the place where I would be,
Where the winds blow purely;
For I hear, by Fancy blest,
All the Fairies of the West
Sound their silver pipes for me—
"Horns of Elfland" surely!

CAIRO—LONDON AIRSHIP.

THE following extracts taken from *The Daily Letter* show the rapid progress this magnificent airship is making. In each case the paragraph emanates "From our Special Correspondent":—

Desert (near Cairo), Oct. 27, 1910.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to make a flight from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is hoped that the vessel will reach London in time for Guy Fawkes Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Dec. 17, 1910.

The airship "Demmit Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made an excellent trial trip to-day. The expedition was slightly marred by the motor exploding and badly injuring two men.

It is hoped that the airship will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats on Christmas Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Dec. 26, 1910.

Everything is in readiness for the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII." from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, and it is expected that the vessel will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on New Year's Day.

The Daily Letter garage, which was specially erected at an enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, is being decorated in anticipation.

Desert (near Cairo), Jan. 16, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made a splendid trial trip of thirty-eight yards yesterday. Unfortunately, however, in descending her propeller was smashed.

It is expected now that she will not reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats until the end of the month.

Desert (near Cairo), Feb. 9, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in the garage specially erected on Wanstead Flats at enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, remained in the air for over ten minutes to-day. It is confidently expected that she will arrive at *The Daily Letter* garage by St. Valentine's Day.

Desert (near Cairo), March 1, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, did a circular trip to-day, being in the air for nearly nineteen minutes.

The engineers are enthusiastic over

this performance, and they hope to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats before quarter-day.

The Daily Letter has spared no expense in equipping its magnificent garage, and thousands of people visit it every day.

Desert (near Cairo), Mch. 31, 1911.

The "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, met with an unfortunate accident to-day, which may delay her flight to *The Daily Letter* garage.

From causes which are at present unknown, her envelope burst just as she was settling down after a magnificent flight of two hundred yards.

As soon as the repairs are effected, however, the airship will fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats.

Desert (near Cairo), May 26, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, was to-day assaulted by a man named Smith.

It has transpired that Smith has erected stands on Wanstead Flats every other week since the beginning of November, and has dismantled them in each case on the following week.

These stands commanded a view of the magnificent garage erected on Wanstead Flats by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*.

Later.

The injuries sustained by the "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, are not so serious as at first anticipated. The airship is now confidently expected to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats by Derby Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Aug. 17, 1911.

It is possible that the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats may be delayed, as during a trial trip to-day the engine fell through the deck and was smashed to pieces on the ground below.

However, the engineers are fully confident of reaching *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats during September.

Extract from advertising columns of "Cairo Telegraph," dated Jan. 1, 1912.

To Aviators. For sale, a large number of airship fittings in excellent condition and thoroughly seasoned. A bargain, only to be seen to be appreciated. Would take white mice in a cage in exchange.

Extract from advertising columns of "The Daily Letter," dated Jan. 10, 1912.

To be let or sold. Splendid building



Photographer (who, for the first plate, has taken a great deal of trouble to get his sitter to relax the unnaturally stern expression which men assume under the ordeal, and now prepares for a second exposure). "I SHALL LEAVE THE EXPRESSION TO YOU THIS TIME, SIR."

on Wanstead Flats, suitable for motor garage, skating rink, electric theatre, etc. No reasonable offer refused.

Commercial Candour.

1. "TROUSERS FOR NOTHING!
LAST TWO WEEKS."

Clothier's notice in "The Stockton and District Monthly Advertiser."

2. "OUR BOOTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."
A Middlesboro' Bootmaker.

"For instance, what gives pleasure and physical exercise to the rower? It is the resistance between the skulls and the water created in the brain."—*From a pamphlet on Physical Training.*

Skulls, dear friend, not skulls.

More Records Broken.

"Champel had a slight mishap, but got everything right during the night, and at 5.30 in the morning had a trial flight, and in the afternoon covered over 32 miles in 57 secs."

Standard.

"His best partners were Bowley and Arnold, the latter helping him to put on 101 in eight minutes for the fifth wicket."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A woman who lived on the charity of neighbours in the Belleville quarter of Paris, died suddenly from heart disease. When the authorities came to bury her at the public expense they found £2,800 hidden in her mistress."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Accept this statement with reservation. There is a mistake somewhere; but how it came about we cannot see. It is not as if *mattresse* was French for mattress, as it ought to be.

A LORD OF LANGUAGE.

I HAVE had in my head for some days the words "Scale and drop," and I cannot get them out. "Scale and drop." What do they convey to you, reader? Nothing? Ah, that merely shows that you are not a military expert. If you were, you would realise at once that an offensive operation was going forward—assault and battery in the making.

But I will tell you. I live in the country, in a district that was recently the theatre of war. Mimic war, it is true, but earnest and serious, if rather self-conscious, war, none the less. Regiments marched up and down our hill, not only by day, but by night. Tired men in khaki, with the skin half off their faces and wholly off their noses, rested under our trees, consuming endless cigarettes and much chocolate, and leaving the wrappers of both behind. Yeomanry galloped over all the surrounding fields, except where notices said "Out of bounds." Now and then we were asked for water, not only for men but for beasts. In short, we knew something of what war meant.

And then at last, after days of silent manœuvres, came a battle with blank cartridges, so close that our house became a centre of headache. It was in the midst of this engagement that I walked out into the garden and stood in the doorway leading to the orchard to watch the fray. In fact we all did: old and young, the whole household. Now this orchard is surrounded by a wall which in places may be four feet high, but for the most part is three feet high; so insignificant that last week a cow in the next meadow placed her head against it, pushed a sufficient gap through it, and was found consuming our fruit trees. I had since then ceased to think of it as a wall at all: merely a symbol of ownership, privacy. Judge, then, of my amazement, and indeed pride, when, all the blank cartridges having been expended, the commander issued to his men the stentorian order, "Scale and drop!"

While we were still glowing at the employment of such noble words, the whole troop, a few of them with a half glance of confusion towards us, ran simultaneously to the wall and—got over it. I knew they would. I knew that scaling was as impossible as dropping. It was a case of lifting the legs one after the other; but the life-blood of the army—not less the Territorials than the Regulars—is precision, not only of deed but word, and "getting over walls" is unknown there. Quite right, too; and I applauded the officer for his fidelity both to the spirit and

the letter. His command remains in my mind an example of sublimity.

HOW A GREAT AUTHOR WORKS.

["In wild surroundings man can but realise himself to be a trivial part of the great whole, while in the more formal environment of a garden he is free to deal with questions which arise from artistic creation."—*Daily Paper*.]

I VOWED (intrepid youth!) to go
Where Nature's wildest blooms
arrayed
A soil which had not felt the hoe
Nor scraped acquaintance with the
spade.
There I determined I would dwell;
The Muse and I, with none to stop us,
Would hold communion for a spell
And perpetrate a *magnum opus*.

But mid the wondrous wildness came
The thought that man is very slight.
The world would go on just the same
Were I a maggot or a mite.
My work would mingle with the dust,
And what renown I gathered from it
Would be distinctly less robust
Than was the tail of Halley's comet.

Such candid self-communion brought
All hope of working to an end;
So I returned forthwith, and sought
A sympathetic lady friend,
Within whose trim-kept garden I
Told how, to morbid thoughts a
martyr,
I'd found the source of music dry
And Pegasus a rank non-starter.

And, just as she seemed like to melt
In tears at my unhappy state,
With thrills of ecstasy I felt
The artist's longing to create.
That garden struck a chord in me;
A flood of melody came rushing,
As when one deals the rubber tree
The blow that sets its sap a-gushing.

Of travelling I've had enough,
It tends to baulk the poet's aim;
The sight of Nature in the rough
Makes man's affairs seem very tame.
But put me where the pansy grows,
And kindred blossoms even neater,
And, gazing on their ordered rows,
At once I mould my thoughts in
metre.

"A mile out of Shrivinal a picked escort met the women, making a gallant show of blue and red and gold, the sunshine flashing on the regimental colours, on sword-scabbards and steel shoulder chains, on serried rows of medals lying on gallant breasts."—*Daily Mirror* "Serial".

They always do wear full-dress uniform and carry colours on the North-West Frontier of India. But why wasn't the band playing?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF HEROISM.

A CRISIS is suddenly come upon me. I sit in my office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking out from my window upon it and wondering whether I am going out to avert public disaster, or am going to sit quietly within, pretending that I have not noticed anything.

When I set myself to dream of heroic opportunities, I had my eye on Fires, Drownings, Riots, Wrecked Expresses or Fainting Aristocrats. My offer to Providence was that it should arrange a *mise-en-scène* including one of the above catastrophes and not omitting a large and appreciative crowd of on-lookers. There was to be a first-rate disaster imminent, cowardice and panic rampant, and nothing wanted but a man to come along and do the manly thing. I was to be that man. I was to arrive, godlike, at the psychological moment, save everybody and everything from the worst, and then attempt a modest retirement, which, I trusted, would be prevented by the crowd, frenzied with admiration. Publicity and due reward, possibly even cash, should be forced upon me then and there, and a short, depreciatory speech extracted from my unwilling lips. Though I made known my preference for a fire in a theatre, with myself clambering on to the stage and thence directing the safe exit of a panic-stricken mob, I left the actual choice of catastrophes to Providence, and this is the best it can do.

For nearly an hour a private carriage has stood by the curb, opposite the door next to my own. There is no one inside; there is no one on the box. No one shows any sign of ownership, interim possession or desire to control. You say this is impossible. Why? Cannot the coachman have had a parcel to deliver on the top floor, and quite unintentionally have fallen down four flights of stairs? May it not be that . . . Anyhow, there is the phenomenon. A policeman has looked at it, stroked the horse's head, wondered what (if anything) he ought to do, and gone his ways. An errand-boy on a box-tricycle has enquired leisurely into the matter. He has looked carefully inside and on the box of the carriage. He has started to ride away and has returned to look underneath. Finding nothing there, he has scratched his head. He has scratched the horse's head and looked up at the neighbouring windows. With a little more head-scratching, he too has gone his ways.

That was nearly half-an-hour ago, and there the thing is, still unclaimed. Yet you do not believe. I, who am now watching it happen in the most



Nurse. "WHAT'S THAT DIRTY MARK ON YOUR LEG, MASTER FRANK?"
Nurse. "WELL, GO AT ONCE AND WASH IT OFF."

Frank. "HAROLD KICKED ME."
Frank. "WHY? IT WASN'T ME WHAT DID IT?"

natural way in the world, begin to lose patience, and so does the horse. After a short prelude of restlessness, the ill-used creature has decided that it will wait no longer. An hour was just permissible; more it is unreasonable to expect of an active horse. He moves off at a slow walk. In a minute he will be trotting into Kingsway; in three, galloping driverless down Oxford Street. He is only just starting, has in fact stopped for a moment of his own accord. Before he goes on again, I can easily secure him and lead him back, awkwardly and unheroically, to his proper place. I shall endeavour to leave him and he will start off again. So I shall have to stay there and hold him until some owner does appear. If any crowd gathers, it will only be to ridicule a corpulent but eminently respectable old gentleman with a bald head, holding an apparently amused horse inefficiently. When the owner comes, will he shower praise and reward upon me? Not he. At the best he will give me twopence to get myself a drink. At the worst he will ask me what the something I am doing with his horse, and will accuse me of theft on an original and ambitious scale.

The horse, I tell you, has paused in its progress, showing that its movement was originally intended as a practical protest, expected to bring the

driver quickly about his business. But the driver not appearing, and the horse having tasted the pleasure of independent motion, the longer and fatal journey is now contemplated. In a word, the pause is ended and the horse is walking off to do his worst. Ah, well! I suppose there is nothing for it. I shall have to go.

Really, Providence, don't you know the difference between a Hero and a Busybody?

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

DEAR ARTHUR,—I am on the point of engaging a secretary, and amongst those who have applied to me for the post is one Mr. Alfred Thompson. He informs me that he was recently a pupil at your school, and refers me to you for his character. I should be very grateful for any information you could give me as to his conduct when he was under your supervision.

My kind regards to yourself and your wife. Believe me, yours sincerely,
JOHN ROGERS.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Alfred Thompson

was a pupil of mine for some time, and I found his conduct generally good.

Yours in haste, ARTHUR ROBSON.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

DEAR ARTHUR,—Thank you very much for your letter. I am sorry to trouble you again, but I am afraid that I do not quite appreciate what you mean by "generally." Would you mind enlightening me a little further? Yours sincerely, JOHN ROGERS.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq. (Post Card).

By "generally" I mean "not particularly."—A. R.

"During 1909 the Mint made 1,138,480 more shillings than in 1909."—*Daily Express*. This is the kind of paragraph that turns hair grey quicker than any of the advertised things.

"Had they remained in the water, no doubt it would have been a triple fatality," said the coroner at Blackpool yesterday afternoon."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

SOLON!

The reluctance of certain Territorials to march in the rain has been duly noted in Berlin. It would be just like the Germans to bring off the invasion on a wet day.



PROBLEMS OF WAR.

Excited Recruit (on outpost duty for the first time). "YON MAN SAYS I'M CAPTURED, SIR. COULD HE CAPTURE ME, SIR? THERE WAS ONLY ONE OF HIM, AN' ONE OF ME!"

ERGOPHOBIA.

It was not that I wished to go away,
To leave my tasks undone, and wander free;
My noble spirit chafed at the delay,
For work (whatever my detractors say)
Is meat and drink to me.

The joys of idleness allured me not;
Indeed, I felt considerable pain
At being torn, uprooted from the spot
Where I might work, and give full vent to what
I wildly call my brain.

I did but seek the somewhat flagging power
Of that tremendous engine to restore;
I said, I will be idle for an hour,
Give it, in fact, a kind of thorough scour,
That I may work the more.

It was in that fine hope that I took wing,
For that I laid my well-loved labours by;
And, faring forth, I grew the sunniest thing;
I was a figure of incarnate Spring;
None bonnier than I.

Where'er I moved I carolled like a lark;
On lake, on links, the music of my mirth

Became the theme of general remark;
Yet ever, tho' I strove to keep it dark
From men of lighter worth,

In mind I sought that fuller time ahead
When I should leave ignoble rest behind
And tackle that dear work for which I bled
(Being, I fancy I've already said,
Blest with that sort of mind).

So the days passed. And so the glad dawn broke
That haled me to the labour of my Art.
With joy I came; with joy resumed the yoke;
And up till now I haven't done a stroke—
I cannot even start.

My Muse, once supple, labours as a wain
That deeply creaks in unaccustomed ruts
(A pretty figure!); struggles are in vain;
And, as for what I madly call my brain,
It doesn't work for nuts.

Nay, worse. My old-time zeal has run to rust;
And work—a fact that fills me with dismay—
That very work, for which I felt such lust,
Makes me recoil with shuddering disgust;
I want to go away. DUM-DUM.

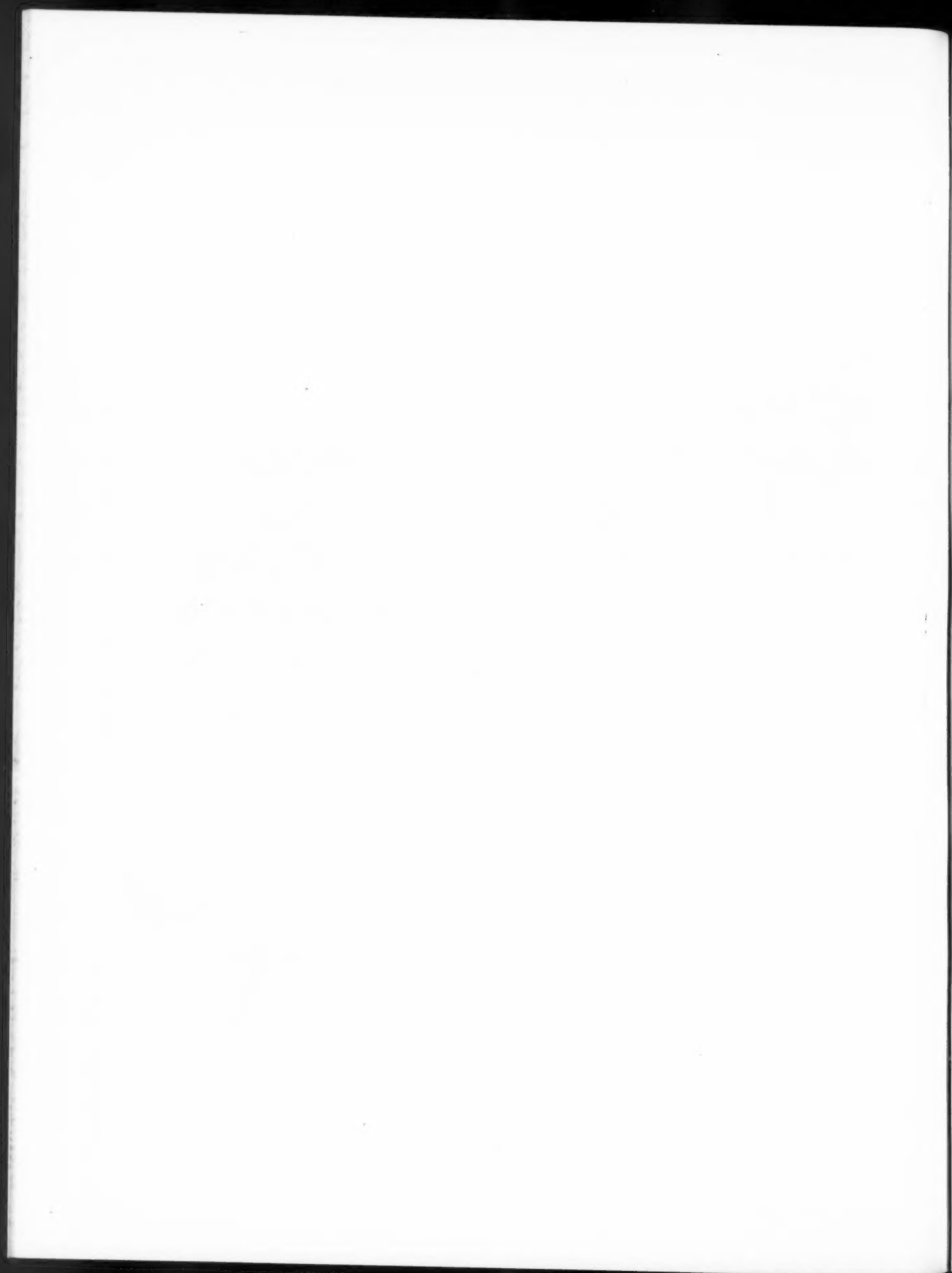


THE IDLER MALGRÉ LUI.

LORD KITCHENER. "THINK I SHALL EVER BE ANY GOOD AT THIS?"

PUNCH. "HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE THE TIME, SIR."

[Lord Kitchener has recently been taking lessons in golf at Archerfield.]





MARGATE AGAIN!

"ENGLAND HAS A LARGE MARITIME POPULATION, OF WHOM SHE IS JUSTLY PROUD."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICNIC.

MONKS DORMING, as my sister Lavinia and I often say, has been simply a different place since Mrs. Rippentrop came to live at Sunny Bank. She keeps us all alive—*such* an energetic person, and *so* full of animal spirits and new ideas for social enjoyment! So we were quite excited when she called to ask us to join a picnic party she was getting up on some plan she had seen in a daily paper and was carrying out with additions of her own. "You really *must* come, dear Miss Priscilla; it won't be complete without you and Miss Miniver," she said, in that pretty way of hers. And, having no other engagement, we were of course only too delighted to accept. All we were *told* was that we were to send in such provisions as we liked to contribute, the evening before, and meet on the appointed day at Sunny Bank to receive further instructions.

When we arrived, the first thing we all had to do was to dress ourselves up in various articles that we found provided for us, exactly as if it was Charades. Colonel Potter looked extremely quaint in a pink bath-gown and a grey slouch hat with a blue woollen feather; as did Mr. Dillwater, our new Curate, in Indian shawls and a lilac sunbonnet—but both seemed just a *teeny* bit put out when we learnt that the picnic was to take place in Balmyside Woods, and that we were to drive there just as we were. Indeed, if they had not both been such devoted admirers of Mrs. Rippentrop, I almost doubt whether they would have consented to come at all. But she had thoughtfully

engaged the station omnibus from the "Falcon," so we were comparatively unobserved.

We got out at the nearest gate to the wood, where Mrs. Rippentrop made us all put on half-masks of black paper before we went any further. Then we proceeded on our way, and hadn't got far when we were challenged by Mr. Wibberley, Miss Ingpen (who wrote a detective story for our Parish Magazine, which the Rector said was remarkably clever, but unsuitable), and Imogen Turk, with her small brother Bobbie. They had gone on in advance, and were supposed to be Scouts guarding the food, and, before we could pass, we each had to make up a plausible tale, and, if we escaped being recognised, the Scouts lost a point. Colonel Potter's story was brief, and not very plausible; Lavinia and I couldn't think of any story at all; Mr. Stodgeleigh (who is writing an important book on the History and Antiquities of Monks Dorming) told a very good tale indeed, though he took rather a long time over it. However, though we were so capitally disguised, we were all recognised; so we should never have got to the picnic at all if Mrs. Rippentrop hadn't persuaded them to let us pass, in spite of the rules. When we reached the picnicking ground *another* surprise was in store for us. This was Mrs. Rippentrop's own idea. The Scouts had been directed to hide the comestibles away in secret places, and we had to hunt them all out before the meal could be begun. To assist us in this Mr. Wibberley gave us a cryptograph, with rows of little dancing men, which he had imitated from a story of CONAN DOYLE'S, and we all

puzzled over it for quite half-an-hour before we were compelled to give it up. As it was already past two, the Scouts were permitted by Mrs. Rippentrop to give us hints as to the most likely spots. I must say the concealment had been most ingeniously contrived.

For instance, Lavinia's meat patties and my own jam puffs were so completely hidden under layers of bracken that dear old Mrs. Thudichum only discovered them by noticing the state her boots were in. And, although we observed a cork with a tiny flag floating in a dear little mossy pool, we had no idea, till we were told, that it marked the spot where Colonel Potter's contribution—a lobster salad—had been submerged in a tin fish-can. The water kept the lobster beautifully cool, but unfortunately some rotifers and other pond-dwellers had gained admittance through the holes in the top of the tin, so we thought it more prudent, on the whole, *not* to partake of the lobster salad.

We then had a great search for a couple of cold chickens which Mr. Dillwater said should be somewhere about, and Mr. Wibberley advised us to try the bank of a charming rivulet close by—and sure enough, there were the chickens! They would have been welcomed, as we were getting really hungry by this time, but some animal—Mr. Stodgeleigh thought a water-rat—had evidently found them before us, so we went without them, which I fancy was rather a disappointment to poor Mr. Dillwater. In compassion for our feelings Imogen Turk then informed us where she had concealed a cold tongue. We should certainly never have found it out for ourselves, as the dear child had dropped it into a hollow tree, from which, though we tried for at least twenty minutes, it proved impossible to extract it. And the currant and raspberry tart—well, I must say that whoever secreted it in the undergrowth was ill-advised in putting it so near an ant's nest. Indeed, matters had reached such a pitch that I really thought it wiser, after coming upon Mrs. Thudichum's calves-foot jelly in the midst of a bed of rushes, to refrain from mentioning that, when I first saw it, a large speckly frog was seated panting on the top.

Luckily, there had not been time to think of a really clever hiding-place for the ham, and we found some bread and a jam-pot full of butter down a rabbit-hole, and not so *very* sandy considering, so with these and the jelly (which I did not touch myself) we managed to satisfy our appetites. There was not much to drink, because we only exhumed one bottle of claret and another of milk, poor little Bobbie being unable to remember where he had buried the others—or the tumblers. Still, paper funnels make quite passable substitutes for drinking-glasses, and after all, as Mrs. Rippentrop brightly observed, half the fun of a picnic consists in these little *contretemps*.

It was perhaps a pity that Miss Ingpen did not recollect until we had all done that there was a large pigeon pie perched in the fork of a tree directly over our heads. She

is a great reader, and it seems she borrowed the notion of hiding an article in the most conspicuous place from a tale of EDGAR ALLAN POE'S. Nothing could have been more successful, but Mr. Stodgeleigh, for so great a philosopher as he is, all but lost his temper over it.

The bus was to have met us at five o'clock, but we were considerably behind our time, and as it had to go back to the station for the 6.15, we returned on foot. Colonel Potter was a little peevish at having to walk through the village in his disguise, and Mr. Dillwater openly dreaded lest he should encounter his Rector—which I regret to say he did. But there are never *many* persons about in Monks Dorming, and those we did meet made but few comments on our costumes. Altogether, as I said to dear little Mrs. Rippentrop, we were indebted to her for a most successful and delightful expedition. Still, somehow or other, she has not seen quite so much as she used to of either

Colonel Potter, Mr. Stodgeleigh, or Mr. Dillwater. Indeed, I cannot find that either of them has been near Sunny Bank for the last fortnight. F. A.



She. "AND YOU'D GO THROUGH ANYTHING FOR ME, CUTHBERT?"

He (appealing to Heaven). "I SWEAR!"

INSURANCE FOR CRICKETERS.

The *Daily Chronicle* having announced the completion of its scheme for the insurance of footballers, Mr. *Punch* begs to state that he also has made arrangements of a somewhat similar nature for the insurance of cricketers. The *Chronicle's* project insures against accident, fatal or otherwise. Cricketers, however, are less liable to death than dishonour, and to injured limbs than to injured feelings. Mr. *Punch's* efforts are therefore directed to compensation for spiritual rather than bodily hurt.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who makes a pair of spectacles to an expression of surprise and sympathy from Mr. LAURANCE WOODHOUSE in *The Daily Mail*.

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who has been

given out unjustly l. b. w. to his portrait in *The Sketch*, entitled "Another Distinguished Victim of Bad Umpiring."

A premium of £7 10s. entitles the cricketer who is out for hitting the ball twice to facetious but gratifying mention in *The Daily Telegraph* by Major PHILIP TREVOR.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who figures as a "did not bat" to a bottle of Mr. WARNER'S hair-restorer.

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who misses an easy catch (sitter) to commiserative sympathy of an apparently authentic nature from at least three spectators, strangers to each other, each of whom will remember a similar chance being dropped by an illustrious performer.

A premium of £3 entitles the cricketer who breaks his Achilles tendon to a paragraph by Sir HOME GORDON in *The Tatler*, comparing him favourably with Mr. C. B. FRY.

A premium of £8 entitles the cricketer who is bowled first ball each innings to a pound of HIRST'S toffee for life.



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

First Dog (hired for the season). "THAT'S THE FIFTEENTH TIME RUNNING HE'S MISSED."

Second Dog. "NONE TOO SAFE EITHER; LET'S CHUCK IT."

À OUTRANCE!

[*"Dear Sir,—On behalf of my Committee, I beg to inform you that it is proposed to hold a Lawn Tennis Match at Queen's Club, West Kensington, 'Authors versus Publishers,' and shall be glad to know if you care to play?"—From a letter received.*]

"CARE"? What a feeble inadequate word it is!
Care, do you say, to take part in the match?
 Why, I should count it the worst of absurdities
 If I should fail to come up to the scratch.
 When you afford me, by blessed fatality,
 Chances for which I've continued to pine,
 Can you imagine, in sober reality,
 I shall be donkey enough to decline?

This is the happy occasion to dissipate
 Sorrows that shadowed my life in the past;
 This the delectable time, I anticipate,
 When I shall crush the oppressor—at last!
 Insolent publisher, now I shall trouble you!
 Would you return me my epic unread?
 Wait till I get you at Kensington (W.),
 Wait till I bring off a smash at your head!

How I shall laugh at your feeble endeavour to
 Cope with my service's wonderful flight!
 (Rogue as you are, you will have to be clever to
 Rob me of this, my American right).
 How my cross-volley will humble your vanity!
 How the spectators will mock at you, Sir,
 As I remark, with delicious urbanity,
 "Ah, the net system is what you prefer!"

"Why do I reckon" (I hear your satirical
 Query) "that we are unequally matched?
 What if these verses be merely a lyrical
 Counting of chickens before they are hatched?"
 Nay, the position is far from disquieting;
 Plain is the fare that an author can get,
 Publishers revel in opulent dieting—
 You will be done at the end of a set!

So, in a scornfully challenging attitude,
 Waving a racquet, behold me advance;
 It would be simply the rankest ingratitude
 Not to employ so consummate a chance!
 Now I must stifle my eager elation to
 Answer the person who said "if you care"
 "Sir, I accept your polite invitation to
 Play at West Kensington. *I shall be there!*"

"OLD COINS FOUND AT BURNISLAND.—Some old Scottish coins were hardly decipherable, but yesterday a French coin in good preservation was picked up, having the name and effigy of Louis XIII. on the one side, and the fleur de lys and the date 1838 on the other."—*Scotsman*.
 We advise the finder to alter the date before he offers it for sale to any but a very sanguine numismatist.

"WANTED immediately, in Scotland, Rabbiter; married, without family, 30 to 40; English; Church of England."—*Country Life*.
 More ecclesiastical rancour; for of course Scotch rabbits are Presbyterians.

Keats on the flight that failed.

"And then upon the grass I sit and moan,
 Like one who once had wings."—*Hyperion*.

A TUBE PROPOSAL.

I HAD been expecting the proposal for weeks, so often had he been on the verge and so often had I tactfully piloted him back to safe ground again, but when he ran me to earth, so to speak, in the Tube, and led me staggering down the train to the dim and deserted far end, I set my teeth grimly for I knew I was in for it. He is quite a nice boy and the juvenile lead of our Amateur Dramatic Society; but, though my heart may not be another's, it is certainly not his.

He began at once, fixing his passionate eyes on mine, and speaking in a voice of emotional entreaty. I was heartily sorry for him, for the Tube is an awful place to propose in; the roar and rattle drowned his best points, and I only caught a few words here and there, such as—"Katharine" (he was too moved to call me "Kitty"), "carry you by storm," "wife," "win you in the end." Then he came to a full stop and, seizing my hand, he faltered—

"Will you—oh, do say you will!"

"I wish I could," I sighed, giving his hand a sisterly little squeeze before I withdrew mine, "but it's impossible." As I spoke the noise and clatter were worse than ever, and, to my horror and annoyance, I saw, from the sudden rapture in his face, that he had misunderstood me, and, probably only catching my first words, had mistaken "I wish" for "I will."

His joy was so frank that for the first moment I simply hadn't the heart to deceive him; the next, the train slowed up at our station, and we were obliged to perform a combined cake-walk down the oscillating compartment. I had no opportunity to correct his illusion on the platform or in the crowded lift, and I waited till we got outside, when he at once began gaily—

"You don't know how horribly nervous I felt before I asked, but I feel I can face any music now I am sure of you."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I said bravely, "but there's been a mistake. You thought I said 'Yes' in the Tube, didn't you?" He nodded and looked down quickly and apprehensively in my face.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I said 'No,'" I answered as gently as I could. He turned very pale and did not speak for a few moments. Then he demanded in a hard voice—

"Why not? Are you engaged?"

I shook my head and averted my eyes.

"Then why won't you?"

"Because I don't want to," I blurted out, feeling truth was best.

There was a long pause.

"Oh, very well," he said quietly, "then I shall ask Cynthia Platt."

I own I was a little shocked at this; not piqued, but a little shocked. However, I exclaimed heartily, "That's very sensible of you. She's heaps better than I am."

"Well," he replied in a meditative voice, "of course she's taller and she's good-looking. But she's a bit too strong; she's got such a magnificent physique, you know."

"Why, surely that's all the better," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied. "You're a much more suitable size for me to chase round with a whip."

I gasped, and he smiled a little sadly at my expression.

"Oh, you needn't look alarmed," he said; "I shouldn't have actually touched you with it; my idea was just to rattle you along and crack it behind you."

"Well," I said, "if that's your idea of domestic happiness I consider it's an insult for you to have asked me to marry you."

He pulled up short and stared at me. "I never asked you to marry me," he exclaimed.

"What!" I cried. "Not just now in the Tube?"

"Never," he said emphatically. "I told you they had cast me for *Petruchio* in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I asked you to be *Katharine*, my wife in the play, don't you know?"

I didn't speak; I couldn't; it was all I could do to choke back my tears of mortification, and we walked in a horrible embarrassed silence till I reached my gate. Then I glanced up and saw that his face wore a mingled expression of nervousness, amusement, and pity.

"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered, "but that beastly Tube makes such a row, no wonder—"

"Yes, doesn't it," I said quickly; "my mistake was almost excusable. And in any case," I added over my shoulder as I went in, "you won't forget I said 'No,' will you?"

From the Spanish paper *Blanco y Negro*.

Don't kill the birds! the little birds
y hat sing about the door,
soon as the joyous spring has come
and chilling osterhins are 4 er."

The author does not seem quite to appreciate the spell of Autumn.

"WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill left for the Continent on Wednesday."—*Oxford Times*.

We have seen many a happier heading than this.

UNEXPECTED ATHLETES.

ENCOURAGED by the stimulating example of Lord KITCHENER, several other eminent public men have decided to enter the athletic arena.

Lord FISHER, O.M., played his first game of golf at Sheringham on Friday last. The results were decidedly promising, though the gallant admiral occasionally gave vent to such marine exclamations as "Avast there!" on missing the globe. At the eighth hole, where he took a full swing with his Dreadnought driver, Lord FISHER hit the roof of the Lifeboat Station such a prodigious ponk that the ball flew off into the North Sea and was never seen again. At the tenth, Lord FISHER ran down a 6 in. putt in fine style, and at the thirteenth he cleverly sliced his drive into the tee-box, a thing which has never been done before. JOHNNY WALKER, who coached the illustrious neophyte, expressed keen satisfaction with his pupil's progress. "Man," he exclaimed on one occasion, "yon's the biggest divot I ever saw."

Lord ROSEBERY's unexpected appearance at the Highland Games at Strathpeffer has been quite the event of the week in Scotland. His lordship entered for several events, and carried off the veterans' 100 yards' handicap from the 30-yard mark in the fine time of 24 seconds. Lord ROSEBERY was also honourably mentioned in the egg and spoon race.

The announcement that Sir OLIVER LODGE would take part in a game of water polo in the Edgbaston Baths attracted a large and influential crowd to that fashionable resort on Saturday afternoon. The illustrious *savant*, who was tastefully clad in plum-coloured satinette, presented a truly noble appearance on plunging into the bath, and was the life and soul of the game. Playing centre wing forward with extraordinary gusto, Sir OLIVER again and again foiled the attack of the opposing scrimmagers. One magnificent run along the bottom of the bath aroused such enthusiasm that Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, though fully dressed in the height of the fashion, leapt into the liquid and was with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE was reduced to tears of ecstasy, and Mr. BRAM STOKER, who was reporting the match for *P. A. P.*, broke into peans of delight. As he put it in one happy phrase, "Since the days of Roncesvalles there has never been such an OLIVER as ours." At the close the aquatic hero was carried home shoulder high, preceded by the drum and fife band of the Edgbaston Telepathic Scouts.



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Gipsy (offering clothes' props). "ELP A POOR WOMAN, LIDY. EIGHTPENCE EACH, OR YOU CAN TAKE THE TWO FOR A SHILLIN'."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE great Australian liner with the eminent Paragraph on board was already overdue as I stood waiting. Many well-known Pars were on the quay to meet their confrère.

The GLADSTONE twenty-six bites mastication story was standing next to an iron-haired anecdote about DISRAELI's first speech, while two distinguished Pars who had, I found, both seen the light years ago in *P.U.P.*, stood and recalled old times. They had not met for years. The one about Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's resignation had gone out to South Africa at the time of the appointment of his son, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, to be Under-Secretary to the Colonies, and had returned when he went to the Board of Trade. The other, about BOYLE ROCHE's rat that was nipped in the bud, had only just concluded a tour of Japan and the Far East. At this moment the great ship hove in sight, and in a few minutes, amidst

loud cheers, the venerable Par came ashore. I succeeded in getting a few words.

"You have been round the world?" I asked.

"Completely," answered the genial old anecdote. "I have appeared in 550 newspapers, magazines and reviews. When I came out in *The Honolulu Weekly Whisper* the paper went out of print. I leave again to-morrow by the thin paper edition of *Glad Bits*, en route for Chicago and the Far West, where I have a round of engagements booked. You mustn't keep me any longer. Pip! Pip!"

"Pip! Pip!" I responded; "see you in *Glad Bits* to-morrow!"

"I recall a remarkable incident in that innings very early on. A ball—bowled, if my memory serves, by Mr. F. S. Jackson—beat Mr. Spooner, and struck his leg stump so hard that it travelled to the boundary—yet the bails were undisturbed."—"Old Ebor" in *The Yorks. Evening Post*.

Frankly, we don't believe this. We can't help feeling that one bail, at any rate, must have fallen.

AN IDLE QUERY.

IF to his lyre the ancient minstrel trolled
Of doughtier deeds than modern eyes behold;
If raftered halls with braver songs were stirred
Than any sounding strains which now are heard;
One idly wonders if the long-ago
Knew nobler deeds than ever we may know;
Or if in those dim years that bred our sires
Were finer bards—or only finer lyres!

"The most significant feature of the analysis was that out of 87 overs sent down by the seven bowlers tried, only six failed to yield at least one wicket."—*Bristol Evening Times and Echo*.

It appears that Gloucester were playing eighty-one men to Worcestershire's eleven.

"Lost, from carriage in Henry Street, July 27, small Invisible Green Leather Bag."—*Irish Times*. This should take some finding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF the many novelists who can write with a semblance of extreme accuracy about a period which they never saw, most, I think, make the mistake of importing a far too modern conception of romantic sentiment into the hearts of their heroes and heroines. Mr. FORD MADDOX HUEFFER has no use for this sort of thing: he feels, I suppose, that a time of artificial graces and studied manners exercised a constricting influence over the emotions of the people who lived in it. Thus, if you expect to find in the two principal figures of *The Portrait* (METHUEN), who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, a Victorian attitude of mind, you will be grievously disappointed. For myself I was more than pleased. *Squire Bettesworth*, of Winterbourne, Wilts, took a rash bet (amounting to £20,000) with *Sir Francis Dashwood*, the *Duke of Norfolk*, and other gentlemen, that he would "find, fetch, horse, and marry" the lady who had sat for the picture known as 'Celia in her arbour,' and *The Portrait* explains how he did it, and how, incidentally, his pride was rather humbled in the process. The minuteness with which the author has described his interiors (in the painter's, not the psychologist's, sense of the word) is truly wonderful, and the ladies and gentlemen who strut in his pages are the most agreeable of marionettes. Especially do I like Mr. Roland Bettesworth, the hero's brother, and his method of enforcing a duel with *Sir Francis Dashwood*: "And you have about you, perhaps upon your handkerchief, or upon your stockings, or I know not where, of perfume of orange or of ambergris, or perhaps it is no perfume at all. But with perfume or the lack of perfume you have very much offended my nostrils. And this, sure, is quarrel enough for any gallant man." Like the *Earl of Pembroke*, who was present, I cordially agree.

Eric Marshall fell in love with a girl whom he had heard playing the violin in an orchard. She was unfortunately dumb, not through any vocal defect, but because her deceased mother had refused to talk for many years, and had been appropriately punished by the birth of a speechless daughter. The probability of this seems to me a little dubious; but no matter. *Kilmeny* used to meet *Eric* in the orchard pretty often; till, one evening, a former suitor, being naturally irritated at the affair, came behind *Eric* with his little hatchet, and proposed to end things abruptly. *Kilmeny*, however, saw his approach, and, recovering what her mother had lost, spoke and warned her favoured lover.

So they married—and I resist the temptation to wonder whether *Eric* ever thought wistfully about the silent past. The novel, of which this is the plot, is called *Kilmeny of the Orchard* (PITMAN). Although this kind of thing may make, indeed frequently has made, an acceptable short story, the allowance is rather small for a complete six-shilling volume. The author, L. M. MONTGOMERY, seems to have said, "Hang it all, they want another novel by me, so, as this is all there is in the house at present, it will just have to go round!" I am a little sorry for this, since earlier work by the same hand was evidently of better quality. *Kilmeny of the Orchard*, even enriched by four quite charming illustrations in colour, strikes me as not altogether fair value for the price.

I want to express such an opinion of *The Brassbounder* (DUCKWORTH) as will induce you to put on your hat and run out and buy it at once. You may say that you do

not care for the sea or for them that go down to it in ships, or that you so well know and love these things in the life that any description of them in a book must seem second-rate and dull. Believe me, in either case you are entirely wrong. The most abandoned seaman and the most determined landlubber cannot fail to find delight in these sketches. Every change of the wind, every point of the compass, every phase of life on the deep when sailors still sailed and did not steam, is shown with the breadth and the buoyancy and the unsparing simplicity of a man who must have once done his business on the great waters. Such is the air of

humanity about his crew, his mate and his Old Man, such the atmosphere of reality about the stress and humour of their choppy career, that one is forced to believe Mr. DAVID W. BONE, when he professes once to have been an apprentice, a "brassbounder," on a three thousand ton barque. I have my doubts whether his volume is the log of an actual voyage, polished up to readable form, or an effort of fiction shorn down to a seamanlike ruggedness; I am clear that his observation is perfect, his expression masterly and his resulting whole utterly charming. There are illustrations by the author—careful, suggestive pictures; but, as they lack some of the spontaneity of the written sketches, I confine myself to saying only that these are very good indeed.

"Mr. Willows . . . passed over Chippenham, Calne, Marlborough and Newbury and on to Reading, where he picked up the railway line."

Northern Echo.

This is what comes of employing sleepers to hold the metals. Any aeronaut can snatch them.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

CONSTERNATION OF SIR AUBREY, WHO FINDETH THAT "THE DRAGON-SLAYER'S HANDBOOK" TREATETH NOT OF DRAGONS WITH MORE THAN ONE HEAD.